

police, why didn't they start shooting when the police entered?

(4) What is the reasoning behind the 4:45 a.m. hour for making the arrest?

(5) If the woman inside fired first, why weren't there pellets in the wall?

(6) The pool of blood indicates the first man shot was next to the door the police forced open. The police reported the room as being too dark to see him standing there. Sgt. Groth said he was first noticed in the light of the shotgun blast. But it was light enough to see across the room when they entered the room and before the shot. How can it be light enough to see across the room and not light next to themselves?

(7) If the woman missed from across the room with a shotgun, how did the man miss from such close range; and since he missed, why didn't his shot hit a wall?

(8) If the police fired into Fred Hampton's bedroom with shotguns, why are there bullets in the wall opposite, as shown in the picture, instead of pellet holes?

(9) If there was firing back from all the bedrooms, why aren't there gunshots holes in the opposite walls?

Editorial pages decry the youth of America crying out unfairly at the police. Newspapers charge students with being unjustly hard on the men enforcing the law, yet they run news stories that any logical person has trouble dealing with. It would seem to me The Sun-Times has some responsibility in straightening some of these facts out. I am sure my students would appreciate it.

Name withheld by request

One white not cheering

I'm sure the state's attorney, Chicago police, etc., must think the entire white population is cheering them on in their war with the Black Panthers. Well, here's one middle-class, white old lady who isn't cheering them by any means. This sort of action, plus Agnew's attack on news media, John Mitchell and wife's inanities, the massacre in Vietnam—all these remind me more and more of Nazi Germany—and I'm old enough to remember. They say the intelligent Germans knew and deplored what was going on, but didn't speak out. I think we should be

(2) Your Dec. 5 picture of the room where Fred Hampton was killed shows numerous bullet holes in the wall and blood only on the mattress. To me that indicates the man was shot in his bed.

(3) The Panthers had committed no crime. Police had only a search warrant. Was it really necessary to bust in like Bonnie and Clyde with submachineguns? Surely some other option, like tear gas, was available.

These questions should be answered.

Whatever the answers, the whole episode seems to me bloody, senseless and counterproductive. The fabric of our society is tenuous enough with acts such as these, which smack of political assassination, and can only lead to more polarization and fanaticism on both sides.

DeWitt T. Beall Jr.
Wilmette

'Time for accounting'

I know no more than anyone who reads the newspaper accounts, and those accounts contain, by default, only the police version. Even so, it makes a curious story. We read that Sgt. Daniel Groth, after having identified himself and not being admitted, "pushed open the door." With the arsenal of arms the Panthers are alleged to have hidden in the apartment, they had not locked the door?

Next, according to Groth, he saw a woman on a bed, armed with a shotgun, who fired at him. Remarkably, he was not wounded by the blast, coming as it must have, at very close range.

In fact, the bad marksmanship of all the Panthers is as startling as the good marksmanship of the police. While the police succeeded in killing two and wounding four, only one of their own men was hit, and that was a minor injury.

Finally, we are asked to believe that Fred Hampton chose to fire from his bed, Mark Clark from behind a door!

But suppose we take the police story at face value. Is human life really of so little value? Is there no more efficient way of recovering illegal arms than to kill those who hide them?

I am a college instructor. Today one of my students, an older woman and a native of South America, told me how deeply upset both herself and her husband were by the

system with "all" its "oppression" and injustices is "good" and that anyone who exposes The System to be unequal in dealing with all of its citizens is "evil" and must be destroyed.

The Black Panthers are a political party. They reject the ideologies of the Republicans and Democrats and instead advocate radical reform. It's axiomatic that they are more volatile than powerful because they are visionaries rather than pragmatists. They appeared on the American scene because the American scene created a place for them, and the same System that killed Fred Hampton and Mark Clark also bred them.

As a decent black person, I mourn their deaths because they were young, vital, dedicated and had the courage to face death for what they believed in.

Connie Bradley

Maywood

One more police tragedy

The death of Fred Hampton stands as one more in the unending list of violent tragedies inflicted by frightened Chicago police. The method for eliminating militant blacks or otherwise unorthodox organizers in the poor communities is hardly subtle and hardly legal as we have witnessed it time and time again.

The American tradition has given no one the right, even government agencies, to inflict such tactics on dissent.

The Panthers and Black Panthers experience this kind of viciousness day in and day out. And regardless of one's agreement or disagreement with their commitments, no argument — political, ethical, religious or philosophical — can support such violence against American people. It must stop.

Rev. Kenneth Cox

Lockport

'Freedom of all in jeopardy'

The legalized murder of Fred Hampton and Mark Clark was an outrage. Once again, the contempt for the black community and its leaders was vividly illustrated for all to see.

Fred Hampton's crimes were to condemn the almighty dollar, give medical help to the needy, feed the hungry children and organize the poor whites, Spanish speaking people and other minority groups.

This is war, people.

Fred Hampton was murdered in his sleep last night. He was the 38th member of the Black Panther Party to be killed by the pigs and their lackeys in 1969.

The Weathermen want to bring the Vietnam war home to Amerika. They don't have to lift a finger to see it done. The pigs are doing it for all of us and the heaviness of the Amerikan war is increasing geometrically every day.

I talked with half a dozen people today, the day after the murder, who were pale and trembling because of the thoughts that were going through their heads. One girl kicked parking meters. Someone else spraypainted messages of sorrow and revenge on the walls of the neighborhood. Another person went home, took out his gun, and gazed at it thoughtfully all afternoon. Voices on the phone sometimes sounded very faint and faraway, I tried to remember Fred alive as I printed photo after dead photo of him. I thought of the people I knew who are dead now. It's getting to be quite a list.

State's Attorney Hanrahan got on the tv and said how proud he was of his men for killing another couple niggers, and a boss one at that. A black man was arrested while walking down Ashland Ave. singing and firing random shots in the air. Panthers conducted tours through the blood-soaked apartment. Thousands filed through. A reporter for a daily paper went through the apartment and called his editor. "It was cold-blooded murder" he said. "Will the paper print that?" someone asked. He replied, "I don't know...I don't know." Four stoned longhairs stumbled across a street, almost getting hit by a car. Laughing, they disappeared into a brightly lit apartment. The Conspiracy 7 asked for a recess because they were emotionally upset. Judge Hoffman refused.

Brothers and sisters, they have killed too many of us. They have put too many of us in jail. They have insulted us too long with their lies and drivel. The time of choices is rapidly drawing to an end. It is stand and fight or die. I don't know how to say how strongly I feel this. Maybe e.e. cummings said it:

I don't want to frighten you
but they mean to kill us all
and Bob Dylan said it:

You must choose now, take what you need,
you think will last.

We will last. We need each other. If you haven't chosen, you must soon.

Armando

This is the house that blood built. It is called 2337 West Monroe Street. It is in Chicago, in what Elvis calls "the ghet-to."

A pool of blood stains the carpet behind the front door to this house. The blood was part of Mark Clark until the morning of December 4th. Mark Clark was a Black Panther from Peoria, Illinois.

Color him dead.

Overturned furniture fills the front room and hallways of this house. The walls and furniture are air-conditioned police style — ventilated by shotgun, pistol, automatic rifle, and magnum shells.

Color them violated.

There is a third bedroom at the end of the hallway, and the mattress in this room is half brown and half red. The brown part is frayed from use, the red part is fresh and slippery with agony and pain.

This redness was a part of Fred Hampton. Fred Hampton was Chairman of the Illinois Black Panther Party. Color him dead, too.

Fred Hampton was 21 years old.

Mark Clark was 22.

A block away, the Information Minister and the Defense Minister and several other speakers speak of Chairman Fred and Mark Clark and armed struggle. They speak of why they are tired of writing and lecturing and organizing in the shadow of 400 years of Babylonian Captivity.

Words.

At the house that blood built, words are no longer necessary. The shotgun patterns show where Ron Satchel, Blair Anderson, Verlin Brewer, and Brenda Harris were put up against the

wall. Shocked eyes play "follow the dots" and relay the truth: each was shot only in the lower body, each was shot to cripple him or her for a long time.

Soon we will pay yet another visit. Jews call it "sitting shivah." Irishmen call it a "wake." The Vikings launched ships when the time came. Soon we shall go to a place unlike "the ghet-to," a place where the air is clean and there is space for people to stretch out. We shall go to this place of good-byes, and we shall say our farewells to the 37th and 38th Black Panthers to perish this year. We shall stand over the graves and hear eulogies to those who fought well and not in vain.

More words.

We, the long-haired sons and daughters of the middle-class, went to the house that blood built and saw the truth that words and rhetoric cannot say. We saw the redness of black men and women and knew it for the redness of the yellow Vietnamese and the white activist whose blood will flow before the beast is slain. We stepped in the redness, and felt rage that the State's attorney could dare to congratulate his gunmen for killing people in their beds. The redness seeped into our minds as we thought of our own communal homes and our still-living loved ones.

When we left the house that blood built, we knew that we had descended from the mountain to join with those who dwell in the valley. And, when we looked into each other's eyes we knew that the road back had been sealed by the avalanche of what we had seen.

Bring the ghetto home.

Abe Peck

The Black Panther Party needs money to provide bail funds, pay funeral costs, and to carry on Chairman Fred's work in building a People's Medical Care Center and providing Breakfast for Children. Send all contributions to the Illinois Chapter of the Black Panther Party, 2350 West Madison, Chicago, Illinois.

